



Sprats O ! Sprats O ! fresh live Sprats.

A Num'rous train of little brats,
 This Woman feeds by selling
 Sprats,
 By Sprats (however poor the trade)
 With good tight cloathing they're
 array'd,
 And she herself, good honest woman,
 Still lives beholden unto no man ;
 In mornings cold, so will the Fates,
 She buys at Billingsgate her Sprats,
 And all day long content will go,
 Crying, from street to street, *Sprats O !*
 And when bright Sol the day adjourns,
 She to her home again returns.